

SALMAGUNDI;
OR, THE
WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS
OF
LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.
AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmazar.*

With baked, and broil'd, and stew'd, and toasted,
And fried, and boil'd, and smok'd, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. IX.] *Saturday, April 25, 1807.*

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

IT in some measure jumps with my humour to be "melancholy and gentleman-like" this stormy night, and I see no reason why I should not indulge myself for once.—Away, then, with joke, with fun and laughter for a while; let my soul look back in mournful retrospect, and sadden with the memory of my good aunt CHARITY—who died of a frenchman!

Stare not, oh most dubious reader, at the mention of a complaint so uncommon; grievously hath it afflicted the ancient family of the Cocklofts, who carry their absurd antipathy to the french so far, that they will not suffer a clove of garlic in the house: and my good old friend Christopher was once on the point of abandoning his paternal country mansion of Cockloft-hall, merely because a colony of frogs had settled in a neighbouring swamp. I verily believe he would have carried his

whim-wham into effect, had not a fortunate drought obliged the enemy to strike their tents, and, like a troop of wandering arabs, to march off towards a moister part of the country.

My aunt Charity departed this life in the fifty-ninth year of her age, though she never grew older after twenty-five. In her teens, she was, according to her own account, a celebrated beauty—though I never could meet with any body that remembered when she was handsome; on the contrary, Evergreen's father, who used to gallant her in his youth, says she was as knotty a little piece of humanity as he ever saw; and that, if she had been possessed of the least sensibility, she would like poor old *Acco*, have most certainly run mad at her own figure and face, the first time she contemplated herself in a looking-glass. In the good old times that saw my aunt in the hey-day of youth, a fine lady was a most formidable animal, and required to be approached with the same awe and devotion that a tartar feels in the presence of his Grand Lama. If a gentleman offered to take her hand, except to help her into a carriage, or lead her into a drawing-room, such frowns! such a rustling of brocade and taffeta! her very paste shoe-buckles sparkled with indignation, and for a moment assumed the brilliancy of diamonds: In those days the person of a belle was sacred; it was unprofaned by the sacrilegious grasp of a stranger—simple souls!—they had not the *waltz* among them yet!

My good aunt prided herself on keeping up this buckram delicacy, and if she happened to be playing at the old-fashioned game of forfeits, and was fined a kiss, it was always more trouble to get it

than it was worth ; for she made a most gallant defence, and never surrendered until she saw her adversary inclined to give over his attack. Evergreen's father says he remembers once to have been on a sleighing party with her, and when they came to Kissing-bridge, it fell to his lot to levy contributions on miss Charity Cockloft ; who, after squalling at a hideous rate, at length jumped out of the sleigh plump into a snow-bank, where she stuck fast like an icicle, until he came to her rescue. This latonian feat cost her a rheumatism, which she never thoroughly recovered.

It is rather singular that my aunt, though a great beauty, and an heiress withal, never got married. The reason she alledged was that she never met with a lover who resembled sir Charles Grandison, the hero of her nightly dreams and waking fancy ; but I am privately of opinion that it was owing to her never having had an offer. This much is certain, that for many years previous to her decease, she declined all attentions from the gentlemen, and contented herself with watching over the welfare of her fellow-creatures. She was, indeed, observed to take a considerable lean towards methodism, was frequent in her attendance at love-feasts, read Whitfield and Westley, and even went so far as once to travel the distance of five-and-twenty miles, to be present at a camp meeting. This gave great offence to my cousin Christopher and his good lady, who, as I have already mentioned, are rigidly orthodox ; and had not my aunt Charity been of a most pacific disposition, her religious whim-wham would have occasioned many a family altercation. She was, indeed, as good a soul as the Cockloft family ever boasted ; a lady

of unbounded loving kindness, which extended to man, woman and child, many of whom she almost killed with good-nature. Was any acquaintance sick? in vain did the wind whistle and the storm beat; my aunt would waddle through mud and mire, over the whole town, but what she would visit them. She would sit by them for hours together with the most persevering patience, and tell a thousand melancholy stories of human misery, *to keep up their spirits*. The whole catalogue of *yerb teas* was at her finger's ends, from formidable wormwood down to gentle *balm*; and she would descant by the hour on the healing qualities of hoarhound, catnip, and penny-royal. Woe be to the patient that came under the benevolent hand of my aunt Charity, he was sure, willy nilly, to be drenched with a deluge of decoctions; and full many a time has my cousin Christopher borne a twinge of pain in silence, through fear of being condemned to suffer the martyrdom of her *materia-medica*. My good aunt had, moreover, considerable skill in astronomy, for she could tell when the sun rose and set every day in the year; and no woman in the whole world was able to pronounce, with more certainty, at what precise minute the moon changed. She held the story of the moon's being made of green cheese, as an abominable slander on her favourite planet; and she had made several valuable discoveries in solar eclipses, by means of a bit of burnt glass, which entitled her at least to an honorary admission in the american philosophical society. *Hutchin's improved* was her favourite book; and I shrewdly suspect that it was from this valuable work she drew most of her sovereign remedies for colds, coughs, corns and consumptions.

But the truth must be told ; with all her good qualities my aunt Charity was afflicted with one fault, extremely rare among her gentle sex—it was curiosity. How she came by it, I am at a loss to imagine, but it played the very vengeance with her and destroyed the comfort of her life. Having an invincible desire to know every body's character, business, and mode of living, she was forever prying into the affairs of her neighbours, and got a great deal of ill will from people towards whom she had the kindest disposition possible. If any family on the opposite side of the street gave a dinner, my aunt would mount her spectacles, and sit at the window until the company were all housed, merely that she might know who they were. If she heard a story about any of her acquaintance, she would, forthwith, set off full sail and never rest until, to use her usual expresion, she had got "to the bottom of it," which meant nothing more than telling it to every body she knew.

I remember one night my aunt Charity happened to hear a most precious story about one of her good friends, but unfortunately too late to give it immediate circulation. It made her absolutely miserable; and she hardly slept a wink all night, for fear her bosom-friend, mrs. SIPKINS, should get the start of her in the morning and blow the whole affair. You must know there was always a contest between these two ladies, who should first give currency to the good-natured things said about every body, and this unfortunate rivalry at length proved fatal to their long and ardent friendship. My aunt got up full two hours that morning before her usual time ; put on her pompadour taffeta gown, and sallied forth to lament the misfortune of her

dear friend.—Would you believe it!—wherever she went mrs. Sipkins had anticipated her; and, instead of being listened to with uplifted hands and open-mouthed wonder, my unhappy aunt was obliged to sit down quietly and listen to the whole affair, with numerous additions, alterations and amendments!—Now this was too bad; it would almost have provoked Patient Grizzle or a saint—it was too much for my aunt, who kept her bed for three days afterwards, with a cold as she pretended; but I have no doubt it was owing to this affair of mrs. Sipkins, to whom she never would be reconciled.

But I pass over the rest of my aunt Charity's life, checquered with the various calamities and misfortunes and mortifications, incident to those worthy old gentlewomen who have the domestic cares of the whole community upon their minds; and I hasten to relate the melancholy incident that hurried her out of existence in the full bloom of antiquated virginity.

In their frolicksome malice the fates had ordered that a french boarding-house, or *Pension Francaise*, as it was called, should be established directly opposite my aunt's residence. Cruel event! unhappy aunt Charity!—it threw her into that alarming disorder denominated the *fidgets*; she did nothing but watch at the window day after day, but without becoming one whit the wiser at the end of a fortnight than she was at the beginning; she thought that *neighbour Pension* had a monstrous large family, and some how or other they were all men! she could not imagine what business *neighbour Pension* followed to support so numerous a household, and wondered why there was always such a

scraping of fiddles in the parlour, and such a smell of onions from neighbour Pension's kitchen; in short, neighbour Pension was continually uppermost in her thoughts and incessantly on the outer edge of her tongue. This was, I believe, the very first time she had ever fail'd "to get at the bottom of a thing," and the disappointment cost her many a sleepless night I warrant you. I have little doubt, however, that my aunt would have ferretted neighbour Pension out, could she have spoken or understood french, but in those times people in general could make themselves understood in plain english; and it was always a standing rule in the Cockloft family, which exists to this day, that not one of the females should learn french.

My aunt Charity had lived at her window for some time in vain, when one day as she was keeping her usual look-out, and suffering all the pangs of unsatisfied curiosity, she beheld a little meagre, weazel-faced frenchman, of the most forlorn, diminutive and pitiful proportions, arrive at neighbour Pension's door. He was dressed in white, with a little pinched up cocked hat; he seemed to shake in the wind, and every blast that went over him whistled through his bones and threatened instant annihilation. This embodied spirit of famine was followed by three carts, lumbered with crazy trunks, chests, band-boxes, *bidets*, medicine chests, parrots and monkeys, and at his heels ran a yelping pack of little black nosed pug dogs. This was the one thing wanting to fill up the measure of my aunt Charity's afflictions; she could not conceive, for the soul of her, who this mysterious little apparition could be that made so great a display; what he could possibly do with so much baggage;

and particularly with his parrots and monkeys ; or how so small a carcase could have occasion for so many trunks of clothes. Honest soul ! she had never had a peep into a frenchman's wardrobe, that *depot* of old coats, hats and breeches, of the growth of every fashion he has followed in his life.

From the time of this fatal arrival my poor aunt was in a quandary—all her inquiries were fruitless ; no one could expound the history of this mysterious stranger ; she never held up her head afterwards,—drooped daily, took to her bed in a fortnight, and in “one little month” I saw her quietly deposited in the family vault—being the seventh Cockloft that has died of a whim-wham !

Take warning, my fair country women ! and you, oh ye excellent ladies—whether married or single, who pry into other people's affairs and neglect those of your own household—who are so busily employed in observing the faults of others that you have no time to correct your own—remember the fate of my dear aunt Charity, and eschew the evil spirit of curiosity.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

I find, by perusal of our last number, that WILL WIZARD and EVERGREEN, taking advantage of my confinement, have been playing some of their confounded gambols. I suspected these rogues of some mal-practices, in consequence of their queer looks and knowing winks whenever I came down to dinner, and of their not showing their faces at old Cockloft's for several days after the appearance of

their precious effusions. Whenever these two wag-gish fellows lay their heads together, there is always sure to be hatched some notable piece of mischief, which, if it tickles nobody else, is sure to make its authors merry. The public will take notice that, for the purpose of teaching these my associates better manners, and punishing them for their high misdemeanours, I have by virtue of my authority suspended them from all interference in Salmagundi, until they show a proper degree of repentance, or I get tired of supporting the burthen of the work myself. I am sorry for Will, who is already sufficiently mortified, in not daring to come to the old house and tell his long stories and smoke his cygarr; but Evergreen being an old beau, may solace himself in his disgrace by trimming up all his old finery and making love to the little girls.

At present my right hand man is cousin Pindar, whom I have taken into high favour. He came home the other night all in a blaze like a skyrocket—whisked up to his room in a paroxysm of poetic inspiration, nor did we see any thing of him until late the next morning, when he bounced upon us at breakfast

“Fire in each eye—and paper in each hand.”

This is just the way with Pindar : he is like a volcano, will remain for a long time silent without emitting a single spark, and then all at once burst out in a tremendous explosion of rhyme and rhapsody.

As the letters of my friend Mustapha seem to excite considerable curiosity, I have subjoined another. I do not vouch for the justice of his remarks, or the correctness of his conclusions;

they are full of the blunders and errors into which strangers continually indulge, who pretend to give an account of this country, before they well know the geography of the street in which they live. The copies of my friend's papers being confused and without date, I cannot pretend to give them in systematic order—in fact they seem now and then to treat of matters which have occurred since his departure: whether these are sly interpolations of that meddlesome wight Will Wizard; or whether honest Mustapha was gifted with the spirit of prophecy or second sight, I neither know—nor in fact do I care. The following seems to have been written when the tripolitan prisoners were so much annoyed by the ragged state of their wardrobe. Mustapha feelingly depicts the embarrassments of his situation traveller like, makes an easy transition from his breeches to the seat of government, and incontinently abuses the whole administration; like a sapient traveller I once knew, who damned the french nation *in toto*—because they eat sugar with green peas.

LETTER

FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KAHN, captain of a ketch, to ASEM HACCHEM, principal slave-driver to his highness the bashaw of Tripoli.

.....

Sweet, oh, ASEM! is the memory of distant friends! like the mellow ray of a departing sun it falls tenderly yet sadly on the heart. Every hour of absence from my native land rolls heavily by, like the sandy wave of the desert, and the fair shores of

my cou
clothed
high—y
I shed t
pathizer
Think
compl
that m
chains,
with us
lingerin
on the
can ent
describ
ble as t
waves

I ha
an inco
duced
ing.
my th
joys?
sublin
want
smile,
dulge
stance
be sat
tificat
nishing
the s
this c
and
great
the h

my country rise blooming to my imagination, clothed in the soft illusive charms of distance. I sigh—yet no one listens to the sigh of the captive ; I shed the bitter tear of recollection, but no one sympathizes in the tear of the turban'd stranger ! Think not, however, thou brother of my soul, that I complain of the horrors of my situation ;—think not that my captivity is attended with the labours, the chains, the scourges, the insults that render slavery, with us, more dreadful than the pangs of hesitating, lingering death. Light, indeed, are the restraints on the personal freedom of thy kinsman ; but who can enter into the afflictions of the mind ;—who can describe the agonies of the heart ? they are mutable as the clouds of the air, they are countless as the waves that divide me from my native country.

I have, of late, my dear Asem, laboured under an inconvenience singularly unfortunate, and am reduced to a dilemma most ridiculously embarrassing. Why should I hide it from the companion of my thoughts, the partner of my sorrows and my joys ? Alas ! Asem, thy friend Mustapha, the sublime and invincible *captain of a ketch*, is sadly in want of a pair of breeches ! Thou wilt doubtless smile, oh most grave mussulman, to hear me indulge in such ardent lamentations about a circumstance so trivial, and a want apparently so easy to be satisfied : but little canst thou know of the mortifications attending my necessities, and the astonishing difficulty of supplying them. Honoured by the smiles and attentions of the beautiful ladies of this city, who have fallen in love with my whiskers and my turban ; courted by the bashaws and the great men, who delight to have me at their feasts ; the honour of my company eagerly solicited by every

fiddler who gives a concert ; think of my chagrin at being obliged to decline the host of invitations that daily overwhelm me, merely for want of a pair of breeches ! Oh Allah ! Allah ! that thy disciples could come into the world all be-feathered like a bantam, or with a pair of leather breeches like the wild deer of the forest ! Surely, my friend, it is the destiny of man to be forever subjected to petty evils, which, however trifling in appearance, prey in silence on his little pittance of enjoyment, and poison those moments of sunshine, which might otherwise be consecrated to happiness.

‘The want of a garment thou wilt say is easily supplied, and thou mayest suppose need only be mentioned, to be remedied at once by any tailor of the land : little canst thou conceive the impediments which stand in the way of my comfort ; and still less art thou acquainted with the prodigious *great scale* on which every thing is transacted in this country. The nation moves most majestically slow and clumsy in the most trivial affairs, like the unwieldy elephant, which makes a formidable difficulty of picking up a straw ! When I hinted my necessities to the officer who has charge of myself and my companions, I expected to have them forthwith relieved ; but he made an amazing long face, told me that we were prisoners of state, that we must therefore be clothed at the expense of government ; that as no provision had been made by congress for an emergency of the kind, it was impossible to furnish me with a pair of breeches, until all the sages of the nation had been convened to *talk* over the matter, and debate upon the expediency of granting my request. Sword of the immortal Khalid, thought I, but this is great !—this is truly su-

blime
semble
mortal
what r
ly atte
siderat
my “
tory,”
mortal
“ B
matte
object
sentat
cause
“ Oh,
driven
verme
debat
breec
peopl
woul
libert
suar
out t
rel of
hasha
ed ou
conti
of the
pock
away
out c
econ
men
can

blime ! All the sages of an immense *logocracy* assembled together to talk about my breeches ! Vain mortal that I am—I cannot but own I was somewhat reconciled to the delay which must necessarily attend this method of clothing me, by the consideration that if they made the affair a national act, my “name must of course be embodied in history,” and myself and my breeches flourish to immortality in the annals of this mighty empire !

“But pray, said I, “how does it happen that a matter so insignificant should be erected into an object of such importance as to employ the representative wisdom of the nation, and what is the cause of their talking so much about a trifle?” “Oh,” replied the officer, who acts as our slave-driver, “it all proceeds from *economy*. If the government did not spend ten times as much money in debating whether it was proper to supply you with breeches, as the breeches themselves would cost, the people who govern the bashaw and his divan would straightway begin to complain of their liberties being infringed; the national finances squandered : not a hostile slang-whanger, throughout the logocracy, but would burst forth like a barrel of combustion ; and ten chances to one but the bashaw and the sages of his divan would all be turned out of office together. “My good mussulman,” continued he, “the administration have the good of the people too much at heart to trifle with their pockets ; and they would sooner assemble and *talk* away ten thousand dollars, than expend fifty silently out of the treasury ; such is the wonderful spirit of *economy*, that pervades every branch of this government.” “But,” said I, “how is it possible they can spend money in talking—surely words cannot

be the current coin of this country?" "Truely," cried he, smiling, "your question is pertinent enough, for words indeed often supply the place of cash among us, and many an honest debt is paid in promises; but the fact is, the grand bashaw and the members of congress, or grand talkers of the nation, either receive a yearly salary or are paid *by the day*. "By the nine-hundred tongues of the great beast in Mahomet's vision but the murder is out—it is no wonder these honest men talk so much about nothing, when they are paid for *talking*, like day laborers:" "you are mistaken," said my driver, "it is nothing but *economy*!"

I remained silent for some minutes, for this inexplicable word *economy* always discomfits me, and when I flatter myself I have grasped it, it slips through my fingers like a jack-o'-lantern. I have not, nor perhaps ever shall acquire, sufficient of the philosophic policy of this government, to draw a proper distinction between an individual and a nation. If a man was to throw away a pound in order to save a beggarly penny, and boast at the same time of his economy, I should think him on a par with the fool in the fable of Alfanji, who, in skinning a flint worth a farthing, spoiled a knife worth fifty times the sum, and thought he had acted wisely. The shrewd fellow would doubtless have valued himself much more highly on his *economy*, could he have known that his example would one day be followed by the bashaw of America, and sages of his divan.

This economic disposition, my friend, occasions much fighting of the spirit, and innumerable contests of the tongue in this talking assembly. Wouldst thou believe it? they were actually em-

ploye
eloqu
wall
A va
decla
of the
cline
but t
ly re
semb
and t
and s
some
wint
them
their
The
nom
this
silen
racy
In
tion,
to b
their
vinc
The
civil
usu
divi
ed
shal
For
part
brin

played for a whole week in a most strenuous and eloquent debate about patching up a hole in the wall of the room appropriated to their meetings! A vast profusion of nervous argument and pompous declamation was expended on the occasion. Some of the orators, I am told, being rather waggishly inclined, were most stupidly jocular on the occasion; but their waggery gave great offence, and was highly reprobated by the more *weighty* part of the assembly, who hold all wit and humour in abomination, and thought the business in hand much too solemn and serious to be treated lightly. It is supposed by some that this affair would have occupied a whole winter, as it was a subject upon which several gentlemen spoke who had never been known to open their lips in that place except to say *yes* and *no*. These silent members are by way of distinction denominated *orator mums*, and are highly valued in this country on account of their great talents for silence—a qualification extremely rare in a logocracy.

In the course of debate on this momentous question, the members began to wax warm, and grew to be exceeding wroth with one another, because their opponents most obstinately refused to be convinced by their arguments—or rather their *words*. The hole in the wall came well nigh producing a civil war of words throughout the empire; for, as usual in all public questions, the whole country was divided, and the *holeans* and the *anti-holeans*, headed by their respective slang-whangers, were marshalled out in array, and menaced deadly warfare. Fortunately for the public tranquillity, in the hottest part of the debate, when two rampant virginians, brim-full of logic and philosophy, were measuring

tongues, and syllogistically cudgelling each other out of their unreasonable notions, the president of the divan, a knowing old gentleman, one night slyly sent a mason with a hod of mortar, who, in the course of a few minutes, closed up the hole and put a final end to the argument. Thus did this wise old gentleman, by hitting on a most simple expedient, in all probability, save his country as much money as would build a gun-boat, or pay a hireling slang-whanger for a whole volume of *words*. As it happened, only a few thousand dollars were expended in paying these men, who are denominated, I suppose in derision, legislators.

Another instance of their economy I relate with pleasure, for I really begin to feel a regard for these poor barbarians. They talked away the best part of a whole winter before they could determine *not* to expend a few dollars in purchasing a sword to bestow on an illustrious warrior : yes, Asem, on that very hero who frightened all our poor old women and young children at Derne, and fully proved himself a greater man than the mother that bore him. Thus, my friend, is the whole collective wisdom of this mighty logocracy employed in somniferous debates about the most trivial affairs, like I have sometimes seen a herculean mountebank exerting all his energies in balancing a straw upon his nose. Their sages behold the minutest object with the microscopic eyes of a pismire ; mole-hills swell into mountains, and a grain of mustard-seed will set the whole ant hill in a hub-bub. Whether this indicates a capacious vision, or a diminutive mind, I leave thee to decide ; for my part I consider it as another proof of the *great scale* on which every thing is transacted in this country.

I have before told thee that nothing can be done without consulting the sages of the nation, who compose the assembly called the congress. This prolific body may not improperly be termed the "mother of inventions;" and a most fruitful mother it is let me tell thee, though its children are generally abortions. It has lately laboured with what was deemed the conception of a mighty navy.—All the old women and the good wives that assist the bashaw in his emergencies hurried to head quarters to be busy, like midwives, at the delivery.—All was anxiety, fidgetting and consultation; when, after a deal of groaning and struggling, instead of formidable first rates and gallant frigates, out crept a litter of sorry little gun-boats! These are most pitiful little vessels, partaking vastly of the character of the grand bashaw, who has the credit of begetting them—being flat shallow vessels that can only sail before the wind—must always keep in with the land—are continually foundering or running ashore; and in short, are only fit for *smooth water*. Though intended for the defence of the maritime cities, yet the cities are obliged to *defend them*; and they require as much nursing as so many rickety little bantlings. They are, however, the darling pets of the grand bashaw, being the children of his dotage, and, perhaps from their diminutive size and palpable weakness, are called the "infant navy of America." The act that brought them into existence was almost deified by the majority of the people as a grand stroke of *economy*.—By the beard of Mahomet, but this word is truly inexplicable!

To this economic body therefore was I advised to address my petition, and humbly to pray that the august assembly of sages would, in the pleni-

tude of their wisdom and the magnitude of their powers, munificently bestow on an unfortunate captive, a pair of cotton breeches ! "Head of the immortal Amrou," cried I, "but this would be presumptuous to a degree—what ! after these worthies have thought proper to leave their country naked and defenceless, and exposed to all the political storms that rattle without, can I expect that they will lend a helping hand to comfort the *extremities* of a solitary captive ?" my exclamation was only answered by a smile, and I was consoled by the assurance that, so far from being neglected, it was every way probable my breeches might occupy a whole session of the divan, and set several of the longest heads together by the ears. Flattering as was the idea of a whole nation being agitated about my breeches, yet I own I was somewhat dismayed at the idea of remaining *in querho*, until all the national grey-beards should have made a speech on the occasion, and given their consent to the measure. The embarrassment and distress of mind which I experienced was visible in my countenance, and my guard, who is a man of infinite good-nature, immediately suggested, as a more expeditious plan of supplying my wants—a benefit at the theatre. Though profoundly ignorant of his meaning, I agreed to his proposition, the result of which I shall disclose to thee in another letter.

Fare thee well, dear Asem ;—in thy pious prayers to our great prophet, never forget to solicit thy friend's return ; and when thou numberest up the many blessings bestowed on thee by all bountiful Allah, pour forth thy gratitude that he has cast thy nativity in a land where there is no assembly of legislative chatterers—no great Bashaw, who

bestrides a gunboat for a hobby-horse—where the word *economy* is unknown—and where an unfortunate captive is not obliged to call upon the whole nation, to cut him out a pair of breeches.

ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

FROM THE MILL OF
PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

THOUGH entered on that sober age,
When men withdraw from fashion's stage,
And leave the follies of the day,
To shape their course a graver way;
Still those gay scenes I loiter round,
In which my youth sweet transport found:
And though I feel their joys decay,
And languish every hour away,—
Yet like an exile doomed to part,
From the dear country of his heart,
From the fair spot in which he sprung,
Where his first notes of love were sung,
Will often turn to wave the hand,
And sigh his blessing on the land,
Just so my lingering watch I keep—
Thus oft I take my farewel peep.

tude of their wisdom and the magnitude of their powers, munificently bestow on an unfortunate captive, a pair of cotton breeches ! "Head of the immortal Amrou," cried I, "but this would be presumptuous to a degree—what ! after these worthies have thought proper to leave their country naked and defenceless, and exposed to all the political storms that rattle without, can I expect that they will lend a helping hand to comfort the *extremities* of a solitary captive ?" my exclamation was only answered by a smile, and I was consoled by the assurance that, so far from being neglected, it was every way probable my breeches might occupy a whole session of the divan, and set several of the longest heads together by the ears. Flattering as was the idea of a whole nation being agitated about my breeches, yet I own I was somewhat dismayed at the idea of remaining *in querpo*, until all the national grey-beards should have made a speech on the occasion, and given their consent to the measure. The embarrassment and distress of mind which I experienced was visible in my countenance, and my guard, who is a man of infinite good-nature, immediately suggested, as a more expeditious plan of supplying my wants—a benefit at the theatre. Though profoundly ignorant of his meaning, I agreed to his proposition, the result of which I shall disclose to thee in another letter.

Fare thee well, dear Asem ;—in thy pious prayers to our great prophet, never forget to solicit thy friend's return ; and when thou numberest up the many blessings bestowed on thee by all bountiful Allah, pour forth thy gratitude that he has cast thy nativity in a land where there is no assembly of legislative chatterers—no great Bashaw, who

bestrides a gunboat for a hobby-horse—where the word *economy* is unknown—and where an unfortunate captive is not obliged to call upon the whole nation, to cut him out a pair of breeches.

ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

FROM THE MILL OF
PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

THOUGH entered on that sober age,
When men withdraw from fashion's stage,
And leave the follies of the day,
To shape their course a graver way;
Still those gay scenes I loiter round,
In which my youth sweet transport found:
And though I feel their joys decay,
And languish every hour away,—
Yet like an exile doomed to part,
From the dear country of his heart,
From the fair spot in which he sprung,
Where his first notes of love were sung,
Will often turn to wave the hand,
And sigh his blessing on the land,
Just so my lingering watch I keep—
Thus oft I take my farewell peep.

And, like that pilgrim, who retreats
Thus lagging from his parent seats,
When the sad thought pervades his mind,
That the fair land he leaves behind
Is ravaged by a foreign foe,
Its cities waste—its temples low,
And ruined all those haunts of joy
That gave him rapture when a boy ;
Turns from it with averted eye,
And while he heaves the anguish'd sigh,
Scarce feels regret that the loved shore
Shall beam upon his sight no more ;—
Just so it grieves my soul to view,
While breathing forth a fond adieu,
The innovations pride has made—
The fustian, frippery and parade,
That now usurp with mawkish *grace*
Pure tranquil pleasure's wonted place !

Twas *joy* we look'd for in my prime—
That idol of the olden time ;
When all our pastimes had the art
To please, and not mislead, the heart.
Style cursed us not,—that modern flash—
That love of racket and of trash ;
Which scares at once all feeling joys,
And drowns delight in empty noise ;

Which barter friendship, mirth and truth,
The artless air—the bloom of youth,
And all those gentle sweets that swarm
Round nature in her simplest form,
For cold display—for hollow state—
The trappings of the *would be great*.

Oh! once again those days recal,
When heart met heart in fashion's hall;
When every honest guest would flock
To add his pleasure to the stock,
More fond his transports to express,
Than show the tinsel of his dress!
These were the times that clasped the soul
In gentle friendship's soft controul;
Our fair ones, unprofaned by art,
Content to gain *one* honest heart,
No train of sighing swains desired—
Sought to be *loved* and not *admired*.
But now tis form—not love unites—
Tis show—not pleasure that invites.
Each seeks the ball to play the queen,
To flirt, to conquer—to be *seen*;
Each grasps at universal sway,
And reigns the idol of the day;
Exults amid a thousand sighs,
And triumphs when a lover dies.

Each belle a rival belle surveys,
Like deadly foe with hostile gaze;
Nor can her "dearest friend" caress,
Till she has slyly scann'd her dress;
Ten conquests in one year will make,
And six *eternal friendships* break!

How oft I breath the inward sigh,
And feel the dew-drop in my eye,
When I behold some beauteous frame,
Divine in every thing but name,
Just venturing, in the tender age,
On Fashion's late new fangled stage!
Where soon the guileless heart shall cease
To beat in artlessness and peace;
Where all the flowers of gay delight
With which youth decks its prospects bright,
Shall wither mid the cares—the strife—
The cold realities of life!

Thus lately, in my careless mood,
As I the world of fashion view'd,
While celebrating *great and small*,
That grand *solemnity*—a ball,
My roving vision chanced to light
On two sweet forms, divinely bright;

Two sister nymphs, alike in face,
In mein, in loveliness and grace ;
Twin rose-buds, bursting into bloom,
In all their brilliance and perfume ;
Like those fair forms that often beam
Upon the eastern poets dream ;
For Eden had each lovely maid
In native innocence arrayed, —
And heaven itself had almost shed
Its sacred halo round each head !

They seemed, just entering hand in hand,
To cautious tread this fairy land ;
To take a timid hasty view,
Enchanted with a scene so new.
The modest blush, untaught by art,
Bespoke their purity of heart ;
And every timorous act unfurl'd
Two souls unspotted by the world.

Oh, how these strangers joy'd my sight,
And thrill'd my bosom with delight !
They brought the visions of my youth
Back to my soul in all their truth,
Recalled fair spirits into day,
That time's rough hand had swept away !
Thus the bright natives from above,
Who come on messages of love,

Will bless, at rare and distant whiles,
Our sinful dwelling by their smiles !

Oh ! my romance of youth is past,
Dear airy dreams too bright to last !
Yet when such forms as these appear,
I feel your soft remembrance here ;
For, ah ! the simple poet's heart,
On which fond love once play'd its part,
Still feels the soft pulsations beat,
As loth to quit their former seat.
Just like the harp's melodious wire,
Swept by a bard with heavenly fire,
Though ceased the loudly swelling strain,
Yet sweet vibrations long remain.

Full soon I found the lovely pair
Had sprung beneath a mother's care,
Hard by a neighbouring streamlet's side,
At once its ornament and pride.
The beauteous parent's tender heart
Had well fulfill'd its pious part ;
And, like the holy man of old,
As we're by sacred writings told,
Who, when he from his pupil sped,
Pour'd two-fold blessings on his head,—
So this fond mother had imprest
Her early virtues in each breast,

And as she found her stock enlarge,
Had stamp'd new graces on her charge.

The fair resigned the calm retreat,
Where first their souls in concert beat,
And flew on expectation's wing,
To sip the joys of life's gay spring;
To sport in fashion's splendid maze,
Where friendship fades, and love decays.
So two sweet wild flowers, near the side
Of some fair river's silver tide,
Pure as the gentle stream that laves
The green banks with its lucid waves,
Bloom beauteous in their native ground,
Diffusing heavenly fragrance round:
But should a venturous hand transfer
These blossoms to the gay parterre,
Where, spite of artificial aid,
The fairest plants of nature fade;
Though they may shine supreme awhile,
Mid *pale ones* of the stranger soil,
The tender beauties soon decay,
And their sweet fragrance dies away.

Blest spirits! who enthron'd in air,
Watch o'er the virtues of the fair,

And with angelic ken survey,
Their windings through life's checquer'd way ;
Who hover round them as they glide
Down fashion's smooth deceitful tide,
And guard them o'er that stormy deep
Where Dissipation's tempests sweep :
Oh, make this inexperienced pair
The objects of your tenderest care.
Preserve them from the languid eye,
The faded cheek—the long drawn sigh ;
And let it be your constant aim
To keep the fair ones *still the same* :
Two sister hearts, unsullied, bright
As the first beam of lucid light,
That sparkled from the youthful sun,
When first his jocund race begun.
So when these hearts shall burst their shrine,
To wing their flight to realms divine,
They may to radiant mansions rise
Pure as when first they left the skies.



உள்ளே அமர்ந்திருக்கிறேன்

1890-1891

2000-01-01

CHOW CHING-CHANG

222

1990

THE END

[Faint, illegible text]

.....

Washington, D.C., April 1897.

North.

And guard them o'er that stormy deep
Where Dissipation's tempests sweep :
Oh, make this inexperienced pair
The objects of your tenderest care !
Preserve them from the languid eye,
The faded cheek—the long drawn sigh ;
And let it be your constant aim
To keep the fair ones *still the same* :
Two sister hearts, unsullied, bright,
As the first beam of lucid light,
That sparkled from the youthful sun,
When first his jocund race begun.
So when these hearts shall burst their shrine,
To wing their flight to realms divine,
They may to radiant mansions rise,
Pure as when first they left the skies.



Printed by D. Longworth, at the Shakspeare-Gallery.